G. 807. a.
1–13

TWELVE SONGS
and a
CANTATA

Sett to Musick in Score,

And are most Humbly Inscribed, to M.rs Trevanion,
Lady of William Trevanion Esq.r of Caerhays, Cornwall.
Member of Parliament for Tregony, in the
said County.

1741-67

By Her most Obedient
and
Most Humble Servant,
Charles Bennett.

London Printed for the Author; & Sold by
I. Johnson, facing Bow Church, Cheapside.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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SONG. I.

The Words by Mr. Wolcot.

Sym:

Vio: 1mo

Allegro Moderato

Vio: 2do

Flauto con Voce

Basso

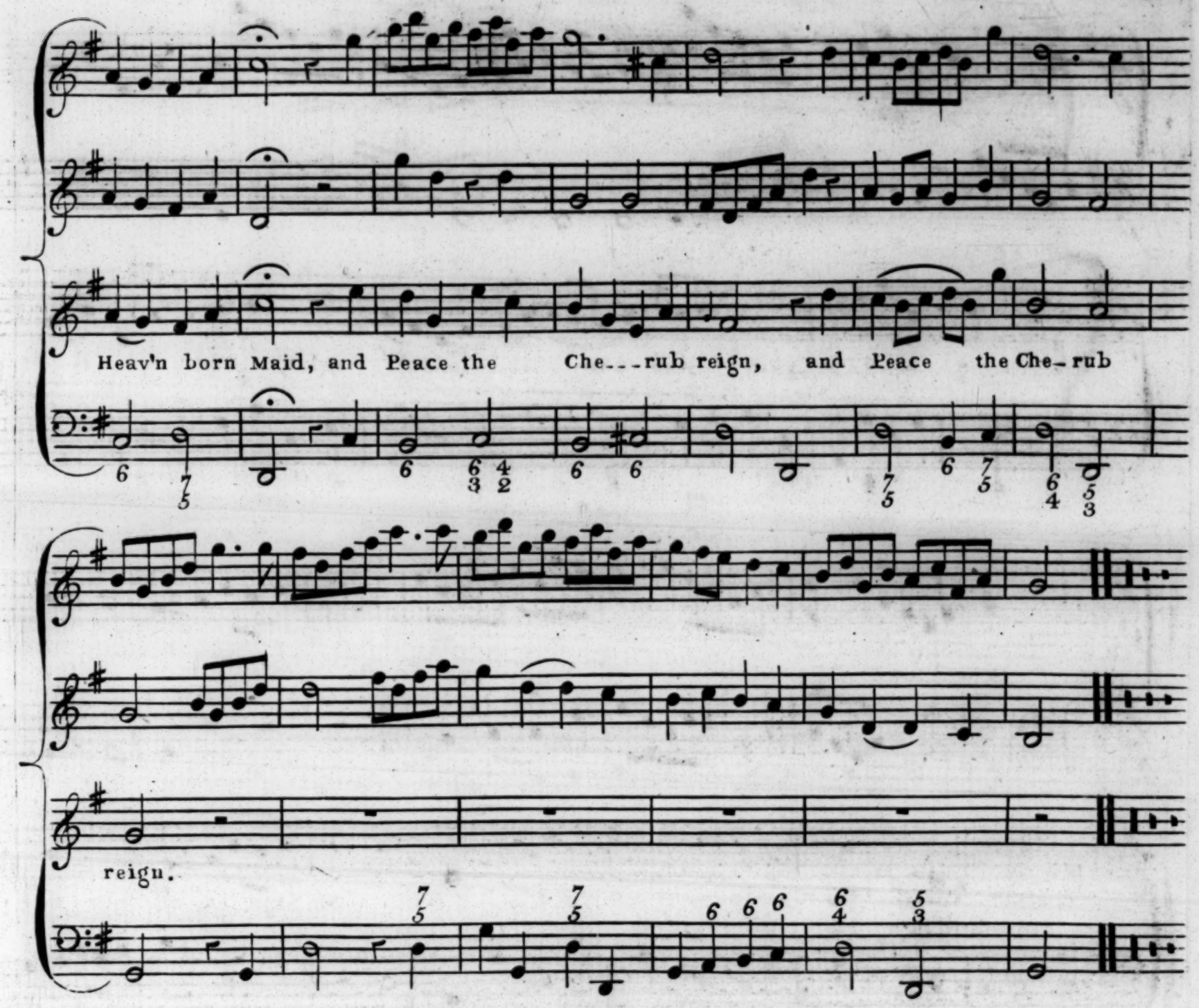
Haſte, Haſte A =

= me = = = lia gen = = = tle Fair, To ſoft E = te = = fi = = an Gales, From Smoak, to

ſmil---ing Skies re-pair, And Sun---il---lumin'd Vales, and Sun--il----

---lumin'd Vales: No Sigh, no mur-mur

haunts the Shade, But Bleſsings crown the Plain, Here calm Con-tent-ment



2

O come, for Thee my Roſes bloom:
The deep Carnation glows,
For Thee, ſweet Vi'lets breath Purfume,
The white rob'd Lilly blows,
For Thee, their Streams the Naids roll,
The daiſed Hills are gay,
Where, Emblems of Amelia's Soul,
The ſpotleſs Lambkins play.

3

From Vale, to Vale, the Zephyrs rove,
To rob th' unfolding Flow'rs,
And Muſic melts in ev'ry Grove,
To charm thy rural Hours;
The warbling Lark, high poiſ'd in Air,
Exerts its tunefull Pride,
Stud'ous to pleaſe Amelia Fair,
Who pleaſes all beſide.

Song. II.

Vio: 1.mo

Sym:

Vio: 2.do

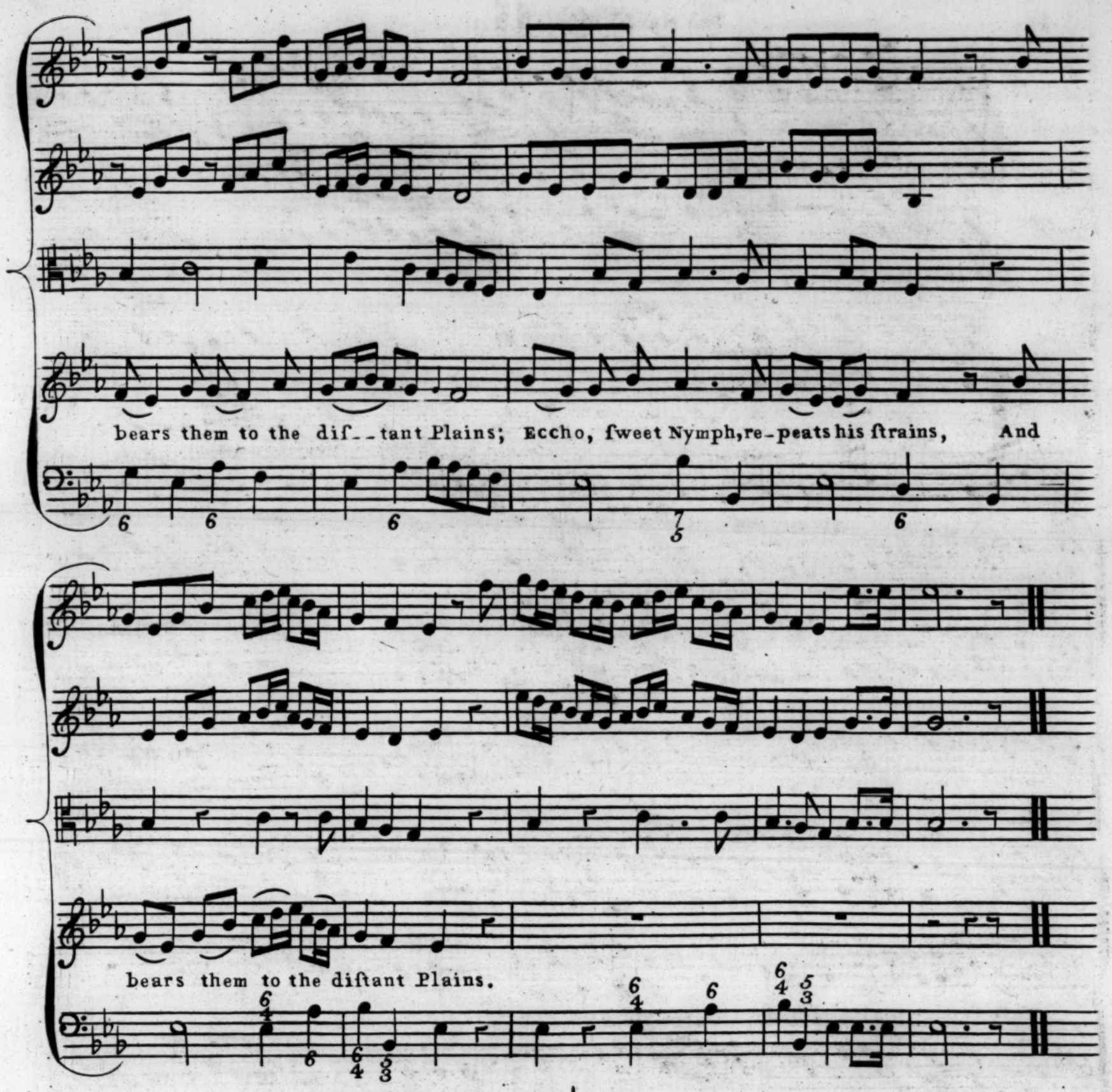
Affettuoſo

Viola.

Baſso

Sequeſterd in a lonely Vale, When abſent from his Love, The Turtle tells his mournfull

Tale, And ſighing fills the Grove: Eccho, ſweet Nymph, re-peats his Strains, And



2

When e'er deſpoil'd, by Village Hinds,
Is Philomela's Neſt,
Soon as the cruel loſs ſhe finds,
What Sorrow ſwells her Breaſt,
And as ſhe mourns her infant Young,
How ſadly pleaſing is her Song.

3

Sweet Warbler cou'd my artleſs Strain,
Like thine delight the Ear,
Eccho thro' many a diſtant Plain,
My pit'ous Notes ſhou'd hear,
Whilſt I of ev'ry Joy forlorn,
In Sighs my Cloes abſence mourn.

4

Fly, Eccho fly, to Cloe haſte,
my fervent Paſs'on tell,
Go gentle Air, and fan her Breaſt,
With many an amr'ous Gale,
Round her, in wanton Edd'es play,
And ev'ry Flame, but Loves allay.

SONG. III.

The Words by Miſs Pitfield

Vio: 1mo

Andante

Vio: 2d

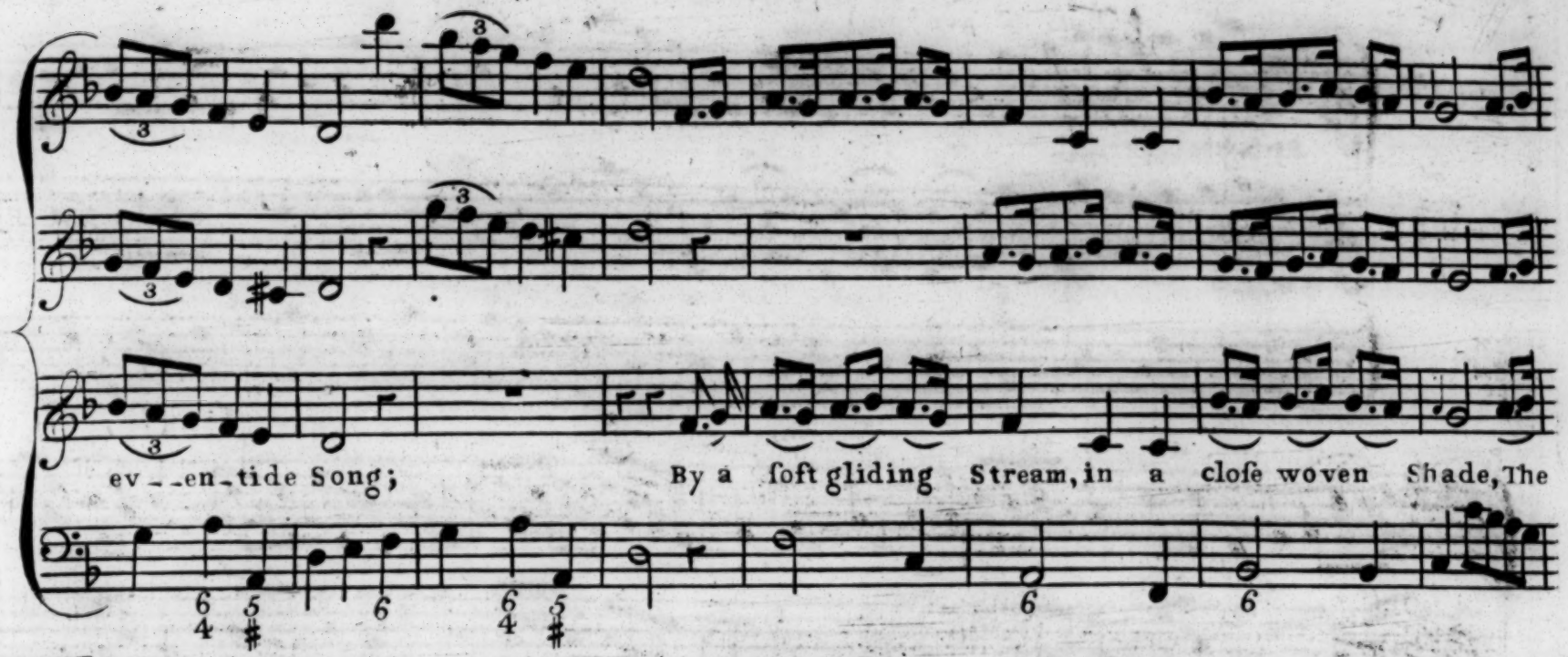
Andante

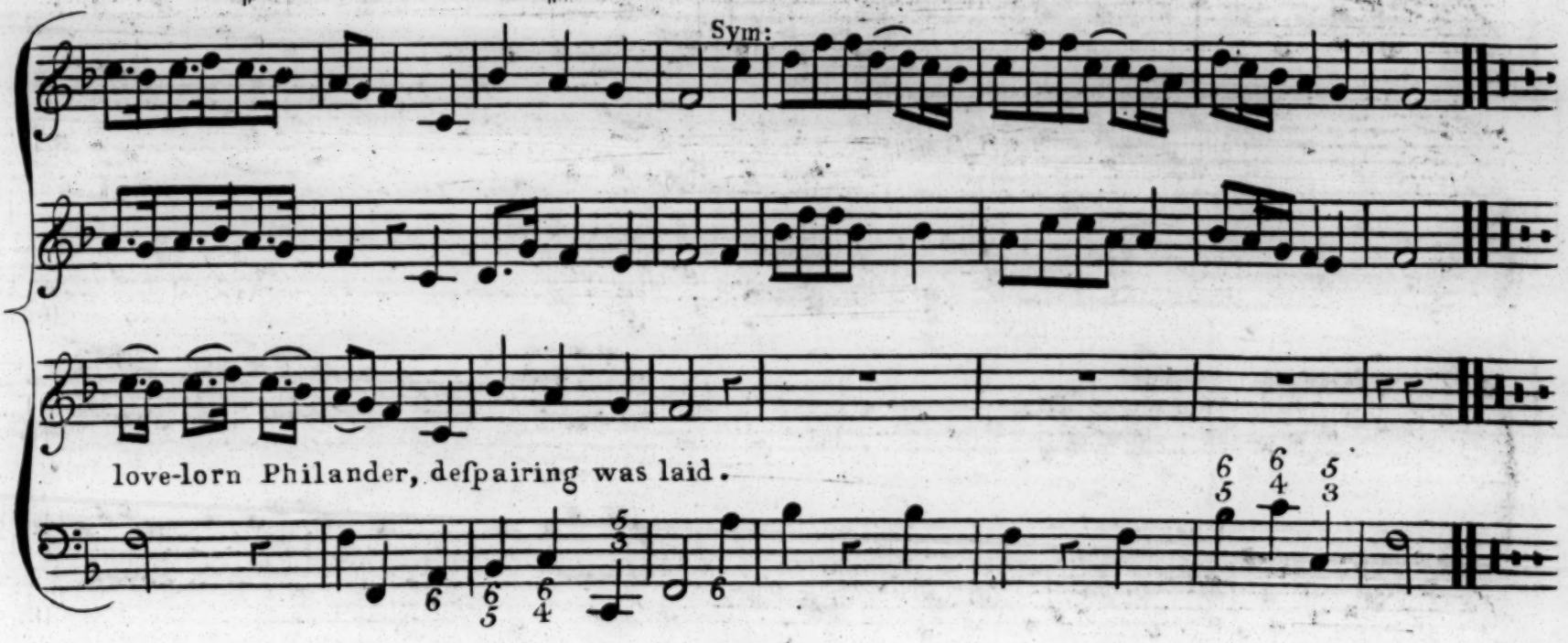
Baſso

When Phœbus was driving, his Carr to the Sea, and had almoſt com-pleated his

Taſk for the Day, and had almoſt compleated his Taſk for the Day,

The Zephyrs, blow'd cool ly, the Meadows a-long; And Birds, ſwetly chanted, their





2

With ye Willow's pale green, both his Temples he wreath'd,
While his Daphne, grown falſe, in ſad Accents he breath'd;
His Pipe, that gave Joy, when his Heart was at Eaſe,
Had loſt its ſweet Pow'r and no longer cou'd pleaſe
His Crook had lain by, and his dear fleecy Charge,
Was left quite neglected, to wander at large.

3

Long time with pure Ardour, the fair One he lov'd,
While his Vows ſhe receiv'd, and his Paſsion approv'd,
And when e'er, the fond Shepherd, declar'd his ſoft Flame,
She own'd her kind Boſom, for him felt the ſame,
Till Strephon, ah! luckleſs, was thrown in her way,
Who taught her Heart change, and firſt led it aſtray.

4

O! Ye Nymphs, and ye Shepherds, who hear the fond Swain,
Of his ill fated Paſsion, thus deeply complain,
With Pity attend, and lament his Diſtreſs,
For which the fond Shepherd, can hope no Redreſs,
Shou'd his Daphne return, it were vain to believe,
She e'er cou'd be conſtant, who once cou'd deceive.

SONG IV.

Vio: 1.mo

Allegro Moderato

Vio: 2.d

Allegro Moderato

Baſso

When Reaſon and Merit, give Sanction to love, How can Ye, Ye

Sym

fair Ones, my Paſsion re-prove, How can Ye, Ye fair Ones, my Paſsion re--prove;

For none, but the Prude my fond

Paſ_sion diſ_dains, And She boaſts of Vir_tue, which yet She but feigns, For

none but the Prude, my fond Paſ_sion diſ_dains, And She boaſts of Virtue, which

Sym:

yet She but feigns.

2

Genteel is my Damon, engaging his Air,
And his Cheeks, like the Morn, are both rudy, and fair,
No Vanity ſways him, no Folly is ſeen,
But open his Temper, and Noble his Mein.

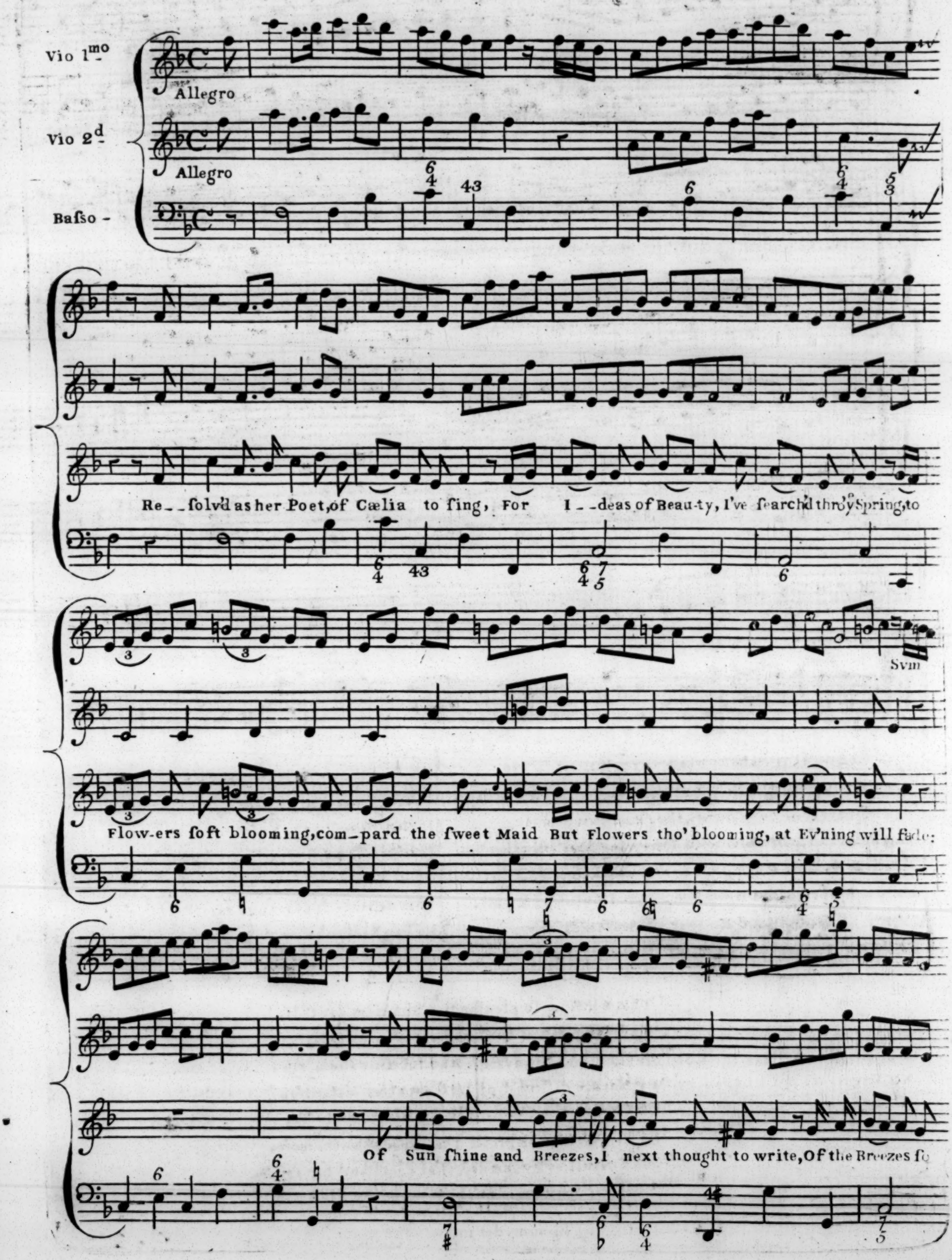
3

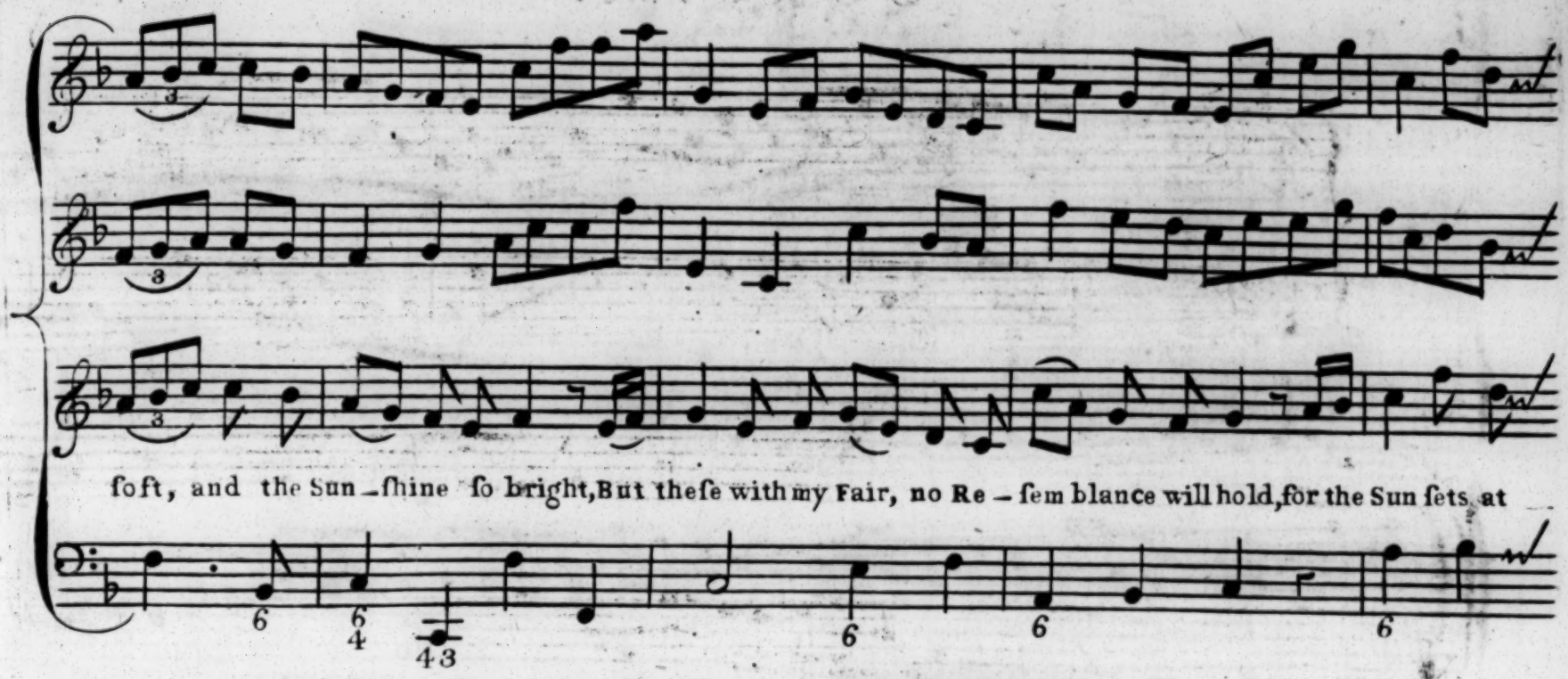
His looks are good-humour'd, he's cheerfull, and gay,
And his Voice can, like Muſic, chaſe Sorrow away,
Of an affable Sweetneſs, that dwells on his Speech,
He's willing to learn tho' he's able to teach.

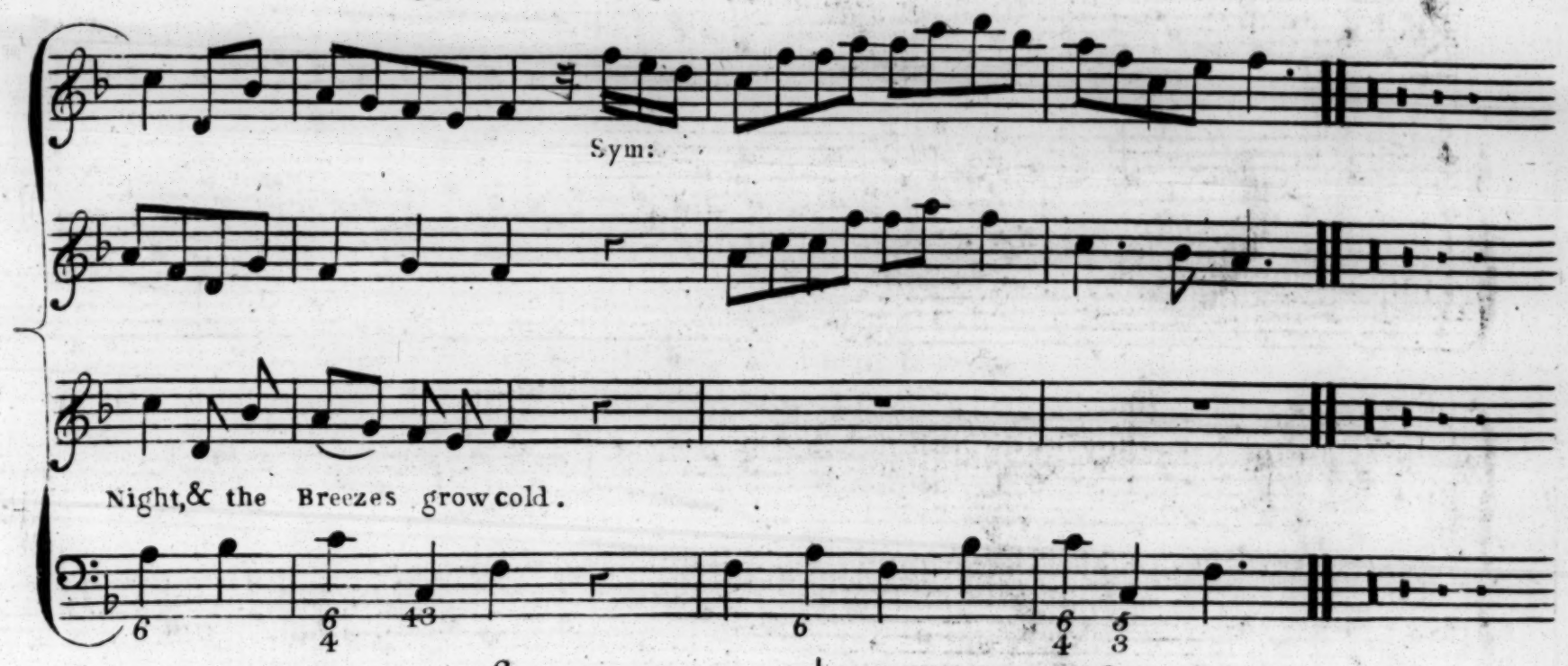
4

He's promiſ'd to love me, as long as I live,
And his Heart is too honeſt, to let him decieve,
Then blame me, Ye Virgins, if Juſtly Ye can,
For 'tis Virtue, and Honour, diſtinguiſh the Man.

SONG. V.


Vio 1mo
Allegro
Vio 2d
Allegro
Basso
Re_ _solv'd as her Poet, of Cælia to sing, For I_ _deas of Beau-ty, I've search'd thro' Spring, to
Svm
Flow-ers soft blooming, com_pard the sweet Maid But Flowers tho' blooming, at Ev'ning will fade:
Of Sun shine and Breezes, I next thought to write, Of the Breezes so





2

The Clouds of mild Ev'ning, array'd in pale Blue,
While the Sun-beams behind them, peep'd glitt'ring thro',
Tho' to rival her Charms, they can never ariſe,
Yet me thought they look'd ſomething like Cælias bright Eyes;
Theſe Beauties are tranſient, but Cælias will laſt,
When Spring, and when Summer, and Autumn are paſt,
For Senſe, and good Humour, no Seaſon diſarms,
And the Soul of my Cælia enlivens her Charms;

3

At length, on a Fruit Tree, a Bloſsom I found,
Which Beauty diſplay'd, and ſhed Fragrance around,
I then thought the Muſes, had ſmil'd on my Pray'r,
This Bloſsom I cry'd, will reſemble my Fair;
Theſe Colours ſo gay, and united ſo well,
This delicate Texture, and raviſhing ſmell,
Be her Perſons ſweet Emblem, but where ſhall I find,
In Nature a Beauty, to equal her Mind.

4

This Bloſsom ſo pleaſing, at Summers gay Call,
Muſt languiſh at firſt, and afterwards fall,
But behind it the fruit, its Succeſsor ſhall riſe,
By Nature diſ-rob'd of its beaut'ous diſguiſe,
So Cælia when Youth that gay Bloſsom is o'er,
By her Virtues improv'd ſhall engage me the more,
Shall recall ev'ry Beauty, that brighten'd her Prime,
When her Merit is ripen'd, by love, and by Time.

SONG. VI.

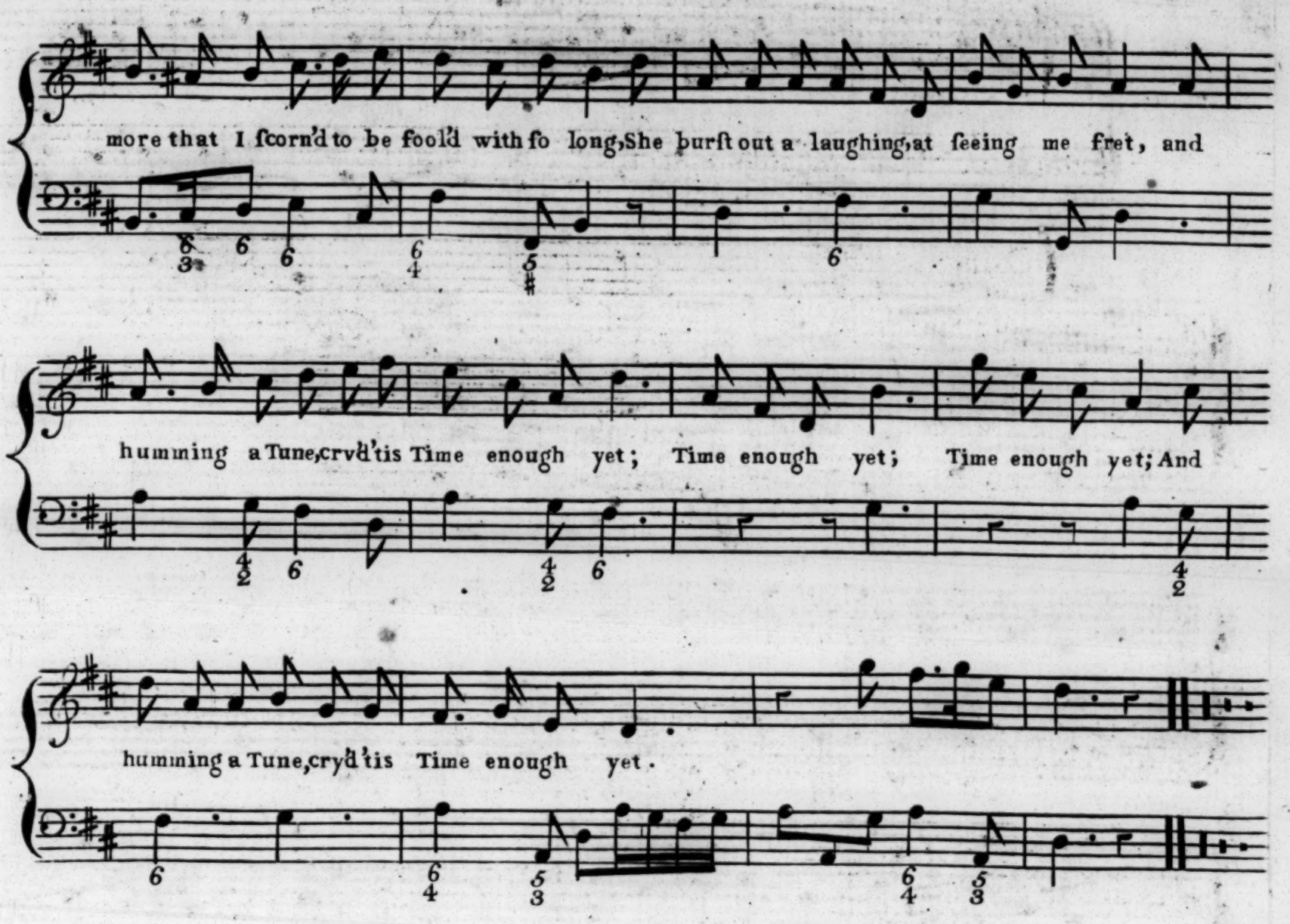
Allegro

Term full as long as the Seige of old Troy; To win a ſweet Girl, I my Time did em-ploy; Oft

urg'd her the day, for our Mar-riage to ſet, as of-ten ſhe anſwer'd 'tis Time enough yet;

Time enough yet, Time enough yet, As of-ten ſhe anſwer'd tis Time enough yet;

I told her at laſt, that her Notions were wrong, And



2

Determin'd by her to be laugh'd at no more,
I flew from her Preſence, and bounc'd out of Door,
Reſolv'd of her Uſage the better to get,
Or on her my Eyes again never to ſet,
To me the next Morning, her Maid came in haſte,
And beg'd for God ſake, I'd forget what was paſt,
Declar'd her Young Lady, did nothing but fret,
I told her I'd think on't, 'twas Time enough Yet.

3

She next in a Letter as long as my Arm,
Declar'd from her Soul, ſhe intended no harm,
And beg'd I a Day for our Marr'age would ſet;
I wrote her for Anſwer, 'Twas Time enough Yet;
But that was ſcarce gone when a Meſsage I ſent,
To ſhew in my heart, I began to relent,
I beg'd I might ſee her, together we met,
We kiſs'd and were Friends again, ſo we are yet.

SONG. VII.

Vio: 1mo

Vio: 2d

Basso

Allegro Moderato

Allegro Moderato

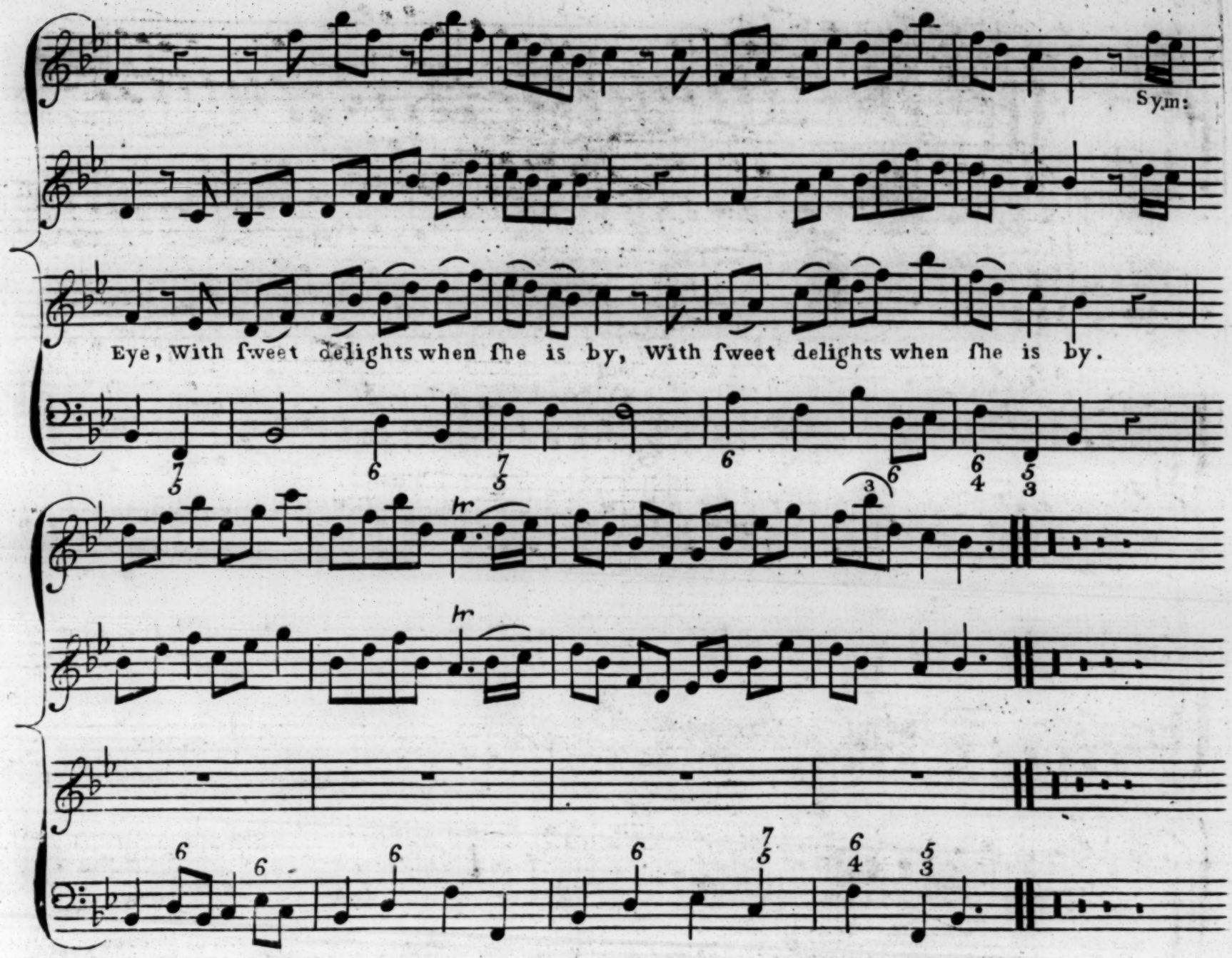
How plea-sent

does the Plain appear, when e'er my lovely PHEBE'S there When e'er my lovely PHE--BE'S

Sym:

there,

And ev'--ry Ob--ject fills my



2

The Feather'd Choireſt of the Spring,
When ſhe is preſent, ſweetly ſing,
And as they tune their thrilling Lays,
They ſeem to warble PHEBE'S Praiſe.

3

The criſtal Stream, and purling Rill,
That glides beneath yon lofty Hill,
In gentle Murmers both declare,
That PHEBE'S faireſt of the Fair.

4

The Lilly, and the Roſe bud too,
When ſhe is preſent looſe their Hue,
Their Charms no more attract my Sight,
For none but hers can yield Delight.

5

Thrice happy all the live long Day,
With her, I'd chace the Hours away,
No other Joy I'd wiſh to prove,
If once but bleſt with PHEBE'S Love.

SONG. VIII.

The Words by Miſs Pitfield

Vio: 1.mo

Tempo Moderato

Vio: 2.do

Tempo Moderato

Baſso

O! think not Da-mon I diſ-dain a

Heart ſo pure as thine, O! think not Da-mon I diſdain a Heart ſo pure as

Sy:

thine,

A_____las I wiſh for Pow'r to gain, And to confirm it mine, A___

___las I wiſh, for Pow'r to gain and to confirm it mine.

2

Love makes it's entry at the Eyes,
When Youth, and Beauty, fires,
But Oh! the Paſsion fades and dies,
As its firſt Cauſe expires.

3

Lo' Time has trampl'd o'er my Face,
And riffled ev'ry Charm,
Nor has it left me there one grace,
That can the lover warm.

4

Ev'n Wit grows Folly too with Age,
And all its Pow'rs decay,
Vain are all Efforts to engage,
In Lifes declining Ray.

5

Then ſoften what we can't redreſs,
This my requeſt approve,
Let me in thee, the Friend poſſeſs,
Tho' fate forbids thy Love.

SONG. IX.

The Words by Mr St Aubyn

Vio: 1mo

Allegro

Vio: 2do

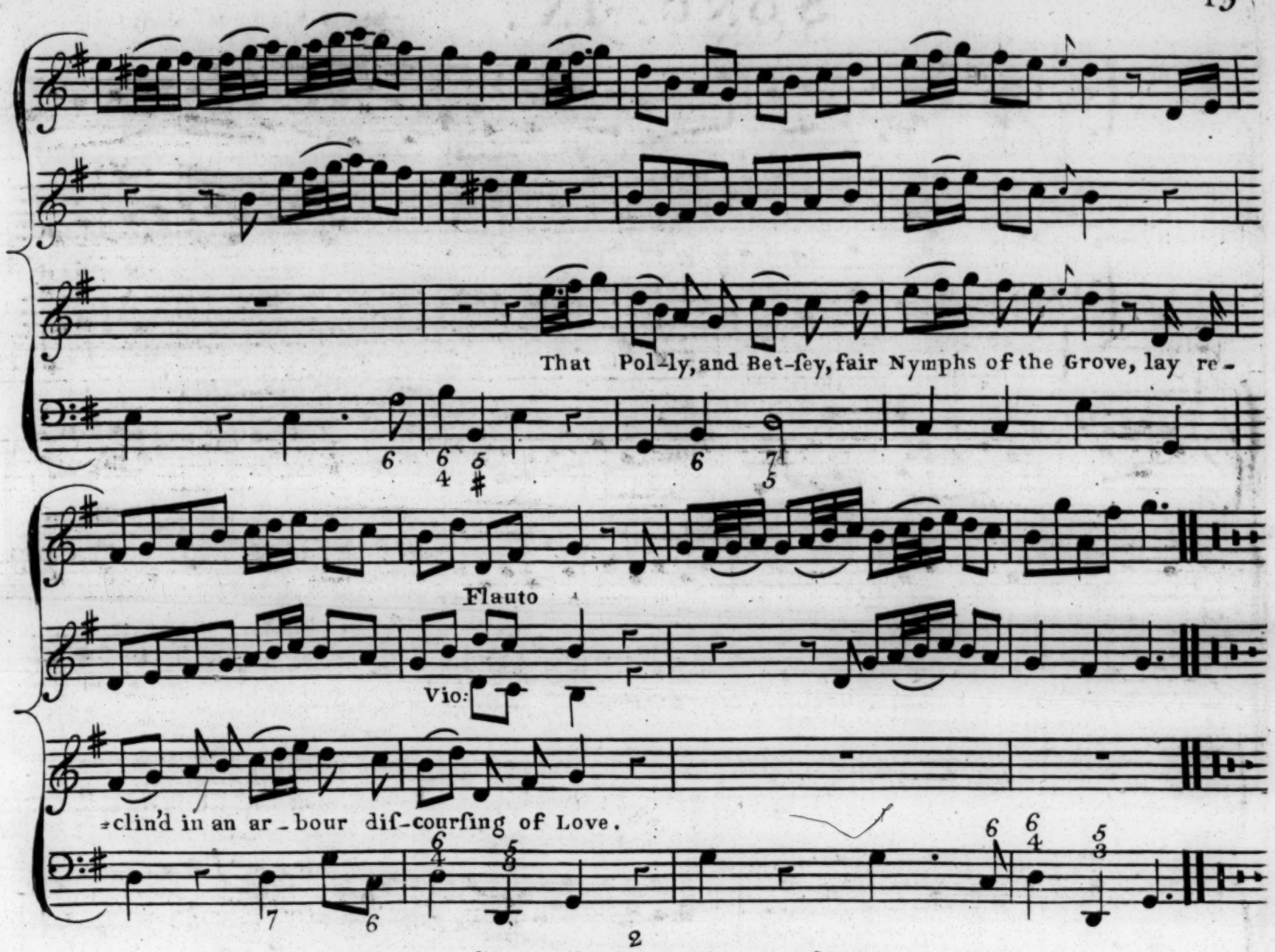
Allegro

Basso

Twas once when bright PHŒBUS the God of the Day, had half thro' the Heavens, compleated his

way, had half thro' the Heavens compleated his way;

And ye Flocks scarce supporting, the fierce glowing Heat, All fought in ye Woodlands, a gratefull Retreat;



2

Methinks; my dear Betſy your Notions are ſtrange,
Pray take my Advice, and at Liberty range,
I ne'er yet experienc'd what tis to be true,
But as Fancy ſtill dictates my Pleaſur purſue,
To be conſtant, who can with that Maxim comply,
I cant to ſuch Nonſence conform no not I.

3

See th' Birds that are chirping, on yonder green ſpray,
What Mortals ſo happy, ſo happy as they,
No Vows e'er conſtrain them, no Promiſes bind,
But in each feather'd Songſter, a Lover they find,
Then follow thoſe Precepts, Varietv prove,
For none but mere Fools, are now conſtant in Love.

4

Indeed faithleſs Maid, you but argue in vain,
For true to my Strephon, I'll ever remain,
Deceiv'd by your cunning, a Dupe to your Art,
A while cruel Maid, you poſſeſt his fond Heart,
Yet you quickly prov'd falſe, tho you vow'd to be true,
Nor dreaded the fate, which to Perjury's due.

5

To my Hearts friendly Dictates then kindly give Ear,
If you'd chuſe to be happy, be always ſincere,
The Lovers by whom you're now fondly careſs'd,
Your falſehood diſcover'd, your charms will deteſt,
Then take my Advice, and Sincerity prove,
None but Jilts, and Coquets, are inconſtant in Love.

SONG. X.

Vio: 1.mo

Vio: 2.do

Baſso

Allegro

Allegro

Ye Swains did ye

ſee e'er a Fair

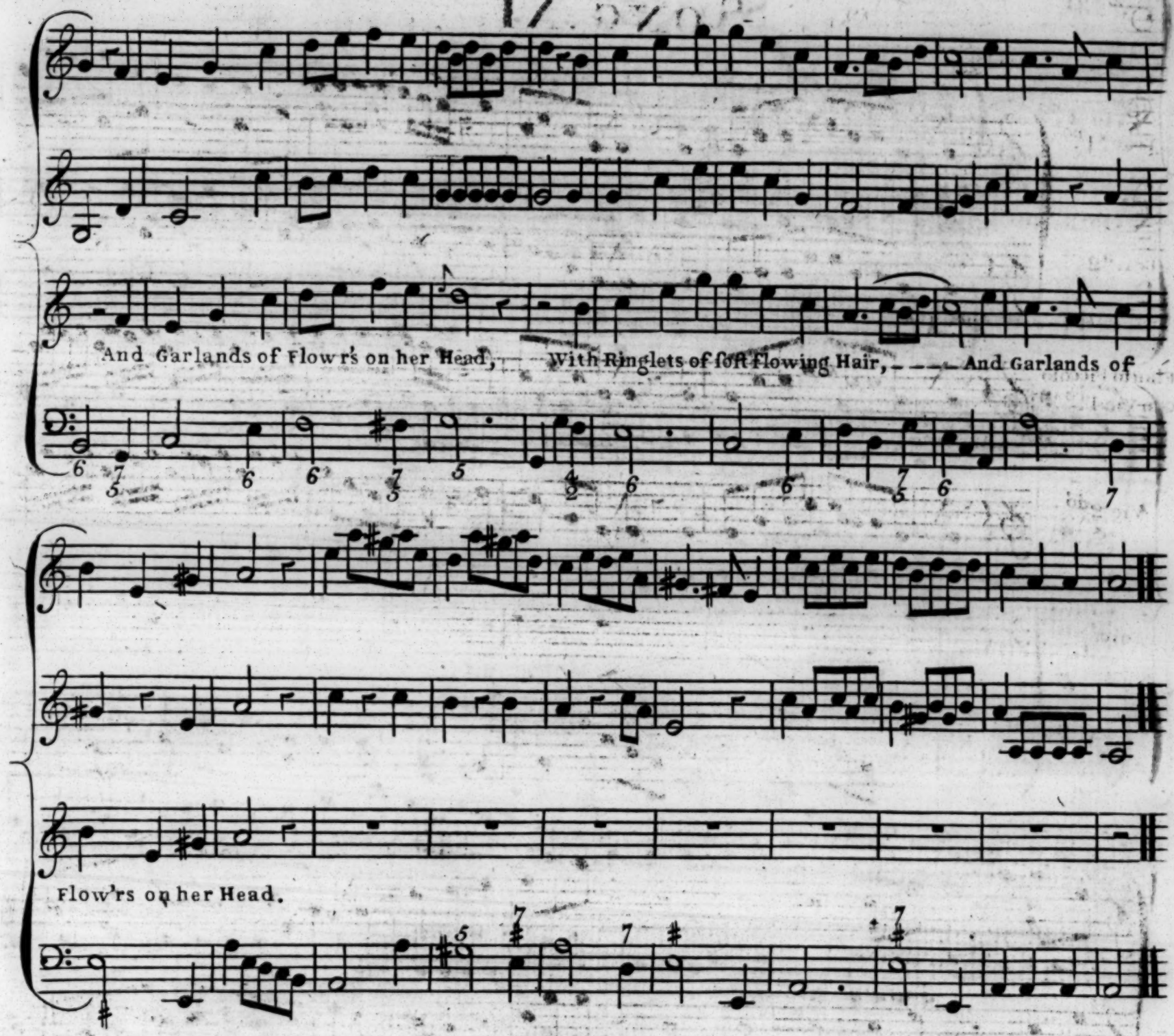
Trip careleſsly over yon Mead;

Trip car-leſs-ly ov--er yon

Sym:

Mead;

With Ringlets of ſoft Flowing Hair,



2

With Heav'n in her Aſpect and Eye
Her Cheeks like the Bluſh of the Roſe,
Her Lips of the Cherrys deep die,
Her Breaſt Virgin Lillies compoſe.

3

She fill'd me with Love, and Surprize,
For ſure like a Seraph ſhe ſings,
I'd ha'ſwore ſhe had dropt from the Skies,
But did not obſerve ſhe had Wings.

4

Some thought it was Venus th' Queen,
With thoſe I cou'd almoſt agree,
So lovely her Air, and her Mien,
'Twas certainly Emma, or She.

Song. XI.

Trav.a 1.mo

Andante

Trav.a 2.do

Andante

Flauto Piccolo con Vio: 1.mo

Andante

Vio: 2.do

Andante

Voice

Andante

Baſso

The wake full Night in

=gale, that takes no Reſt, that takes no Reſt, When Cupid warms his little Breaſt, when

Cu-pid warms his lit-tle Breaſt; The

wake-full Night in---gale, that takes no Reſt, that takes no Reſt, when Cu--pid warms his

lit-tle Breſt, When Cupid warms his little Breaſt;

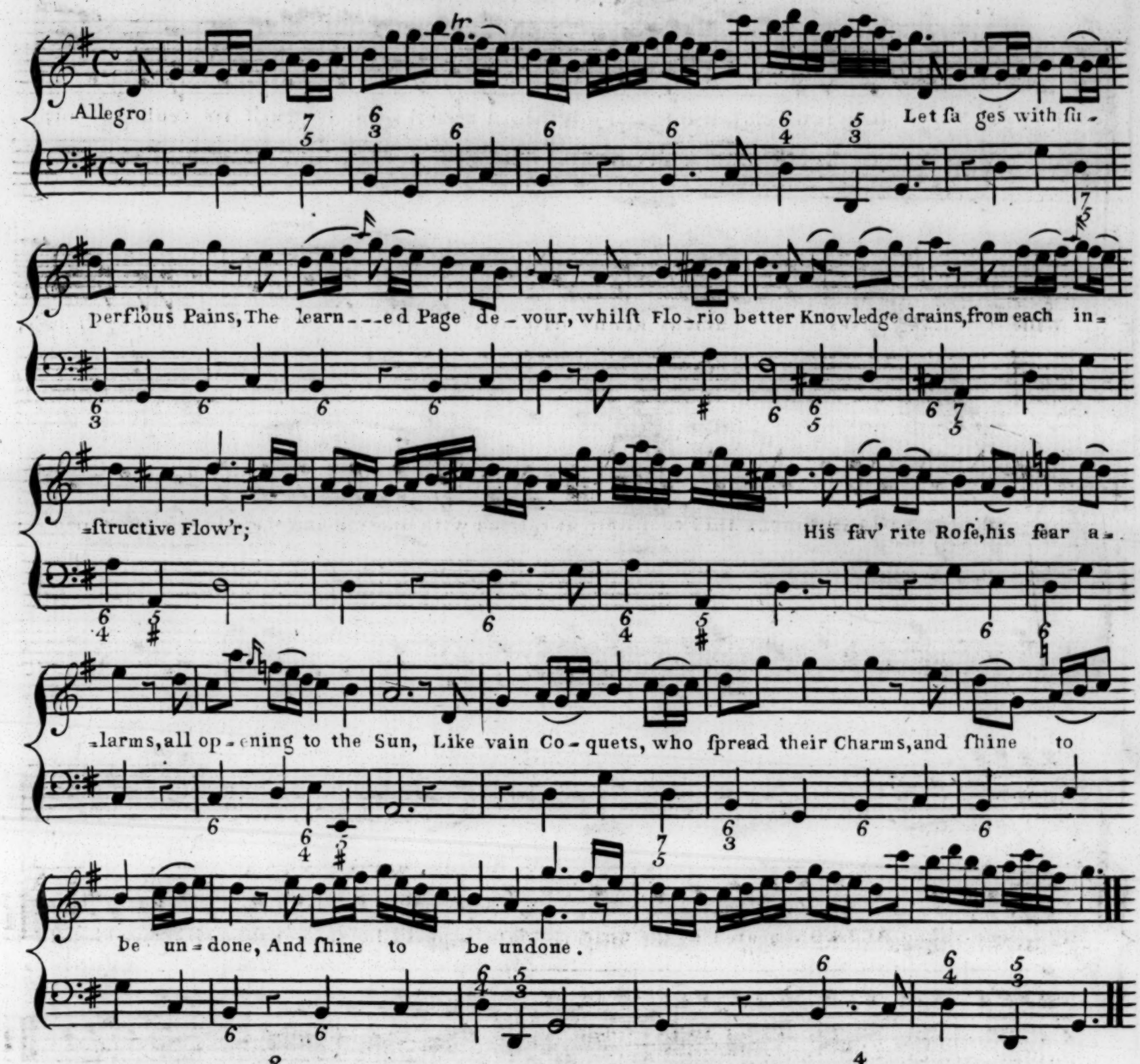
All Night how ſad--ly

he complains And makes us fear that Love has Pains, And makes us fear tha Love has Pains,

No, No, No 'tis no ſuch thing, for

Love that makes him wakefull, makes him sing, For Love that makes him wakefull makes him sing.

SONG. XII.



2

The Tulip gaudy in its Dreſs,
And made for nought but Show,
In ev'ry Senſe, may well expreſs,
The glitt'ring empty Beau;
The Snow-drop firſt, but peeps to Light,
And fearfull ſhews its head,
Thus modeſt Merit, ſhines more bright,
By Self diſtruſt miſled.

3

Th Aricula thro' Labour roſe,
Which ſhines compleat by Art,
The force of Education ſhows,
How much it can impart,
He marks the Senſitives nice fit,
Nor fears he to proclaim,
If each mans darling Vice were hit,
That he would act the ſame.

4

Beneath each common Hedge he views,
The Violet with Care,
Hinting we ſhould not Worth refuſe,
Altho we find it there;
The Tuberoſe that ſo lofty ſprings,
Nor can ſupport its Height,
Well repreſents imperious Kings,
Grown impotent by Might.

5

Fragrant, tho' pale the Lilly blows,
To teach the female Breaſt,
How Virtue can its Sweets diſcloſe,
In all Complexions dreſt,
To ev'ry Bloom, that crowns the Year,
Nature ſome Charm decrees,
Learn hence ye Nymphs, her face to wear,
Ye cannot fail to pleaſe.

A CANTATA

Recit: e

Deep in the cloſe Receſſes of a Wood; A cryſtal Fountain pour'd its cooling Flood;

Wide ſpreading Trees their ſpacious Limbs diſplay'd, yielding in Summer's Heat a gratefull Shade,

The chaſt DIANA fought this cool Retreat Fatigu'd with Hunting, and the mid-day Heat, con-

-ceal'd from view, a-ſide her Robes were flung, And full of Charms, in to the Stream She ſprung;

The young ACTÆON heated by the Chace, By fate impell'd fought out the well known Place, The

Goddeſs there he view'd with wond'ring Eyes: And thus expreſs'd his Paſs'on and Surprize.

Air

Vio: 1.mo

Amoroſo

Vio: 2.do

Amoroſo

Baſſo

Lovely Goddeſs blooming Fair, Bleſt with never fading Charms, Bleſt with never fading Charms;

Hear, Oh! hear! a Lovers Pray'r, Hear Oh! hear! a Lovers

Pray'r, Oh! re-ceive him to your Arms, Oh! re-ceive him to your Armes

Let me claſp thee to my Breaſt,
Let me take my fill of Joy,
Make, Oh! make, a Lover bleſt,
Bleſt with Charms, that ne'er can cloy.

Ne'er did Beauty thus before; warm my Soul, with am'rous Fire; warm my Soul, with am'rous

Fire;

ſure 'tis Venus I a-dore, ſure 'tis

D. C.

Venus I a-dore, Ve-nus Queen of ſoft de-ſire.

D. C.

Recit^e

Awhile confuſ'd, the Goddeſs hung her Head, hiding her Face with crimſon Bluſhes

ſpread, At length recover'd from the deep ſurprize, Whilſt Anger flaſh'd from her diſdainfull Eyes,

ſparkling with Rage the Goddeſs ſilence broke, And thus indignant Chaſte DIANA ſpoke;

Air.

Allegro Spiritoſo

Wretch that durſt with Eyes im-pure, Thus my chaſte Retreat profane, Thus my

chaſte Retreat profane,

Think not to depart ſe-cure, Think not to de-part ſe-cure, For thoſe Eyes ſhall be thy Bane,

For thoſe Eyes ſhall be thy Bane;

Hence then for thy bold In_ _tru_ſion, thou anoth_er Form ſhalt wear, thou another Form ſhalt

wear;

Quickly then, to thy Con_ſu_ſion, Quit that Form, and

be a Deer, Quit that Form, and be a Deer.

Recit. This ſaid the Man began to diſappear, By ſlow Degrees, and ended in a Deer. A

riſing Horn on either Brow he wears, and ſtretches out his Neck, and pricks his Ears;

Rough is his Skin, with ſudden Hairs o'er grown, His Boſom pants with

Fear, before unknown; Tranſform'd at Length, he flys away in Haſte, And wonders why he flys away ſo faſt.

Cloſe at his Heels with Terror He eſpies, His op'ning Hounds, and hears their hid'ous Cries.

Corno 1mo
Corno 2do
Violino
Air
Voice
Baſso

Allegro

Allegro

Allegro 7 6 6 6

See o'er the wide Foreſt, ſee,

ſee, how he bounds, while the Hunters purſue him with Horns, and with Hounds;

6 6

While the Hunters purſue Him with Horns, and with Hounds;

A - way from their

6 7 6 6

Thunder, like Light'ning He flys while the Woodlands reeccho re-eccho their Cries;

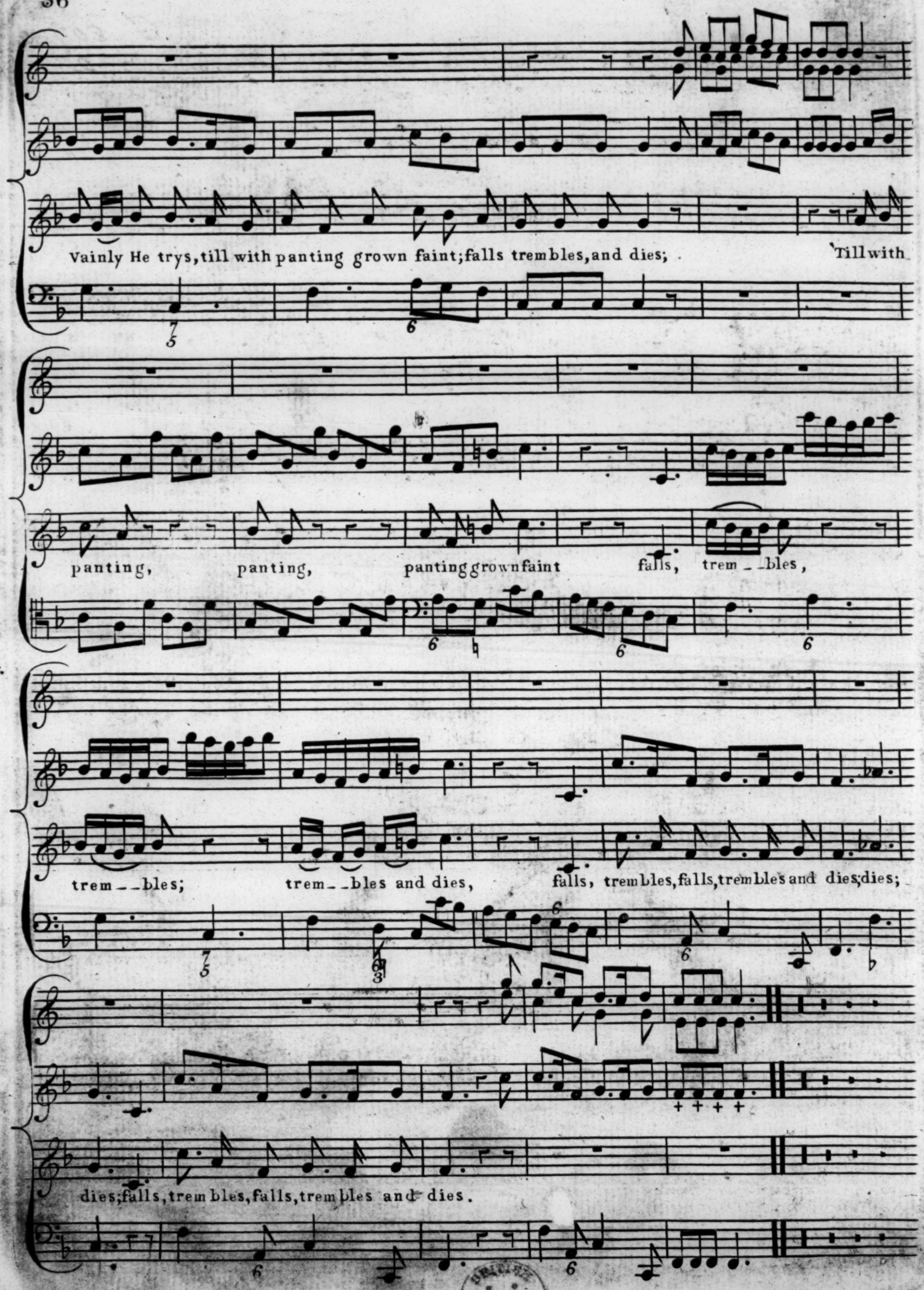
7 6

re - eccho their Cries; re - eccho their Cries; While the Woodlands reeccho their

Cries; The Hounds they preſs forwards y e

Stag in full View, And the ſwifter He flys, the more ſwift they purſue; And the

ſwifter He flys, the more ſwift they purſue; To 'ſcape from Deſtruction how


Vainly He trys, till with panting grown faint; falls trembles, and dies; Till with
panting, panting, panting grown faint falls, trem__bles,
trem__bles; trem__bles and dies, falls, trembles, falls, trembles and dies; dies;
dies; falls, trembles, falls, trembles and dies.

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